This Week
MAGAZINE

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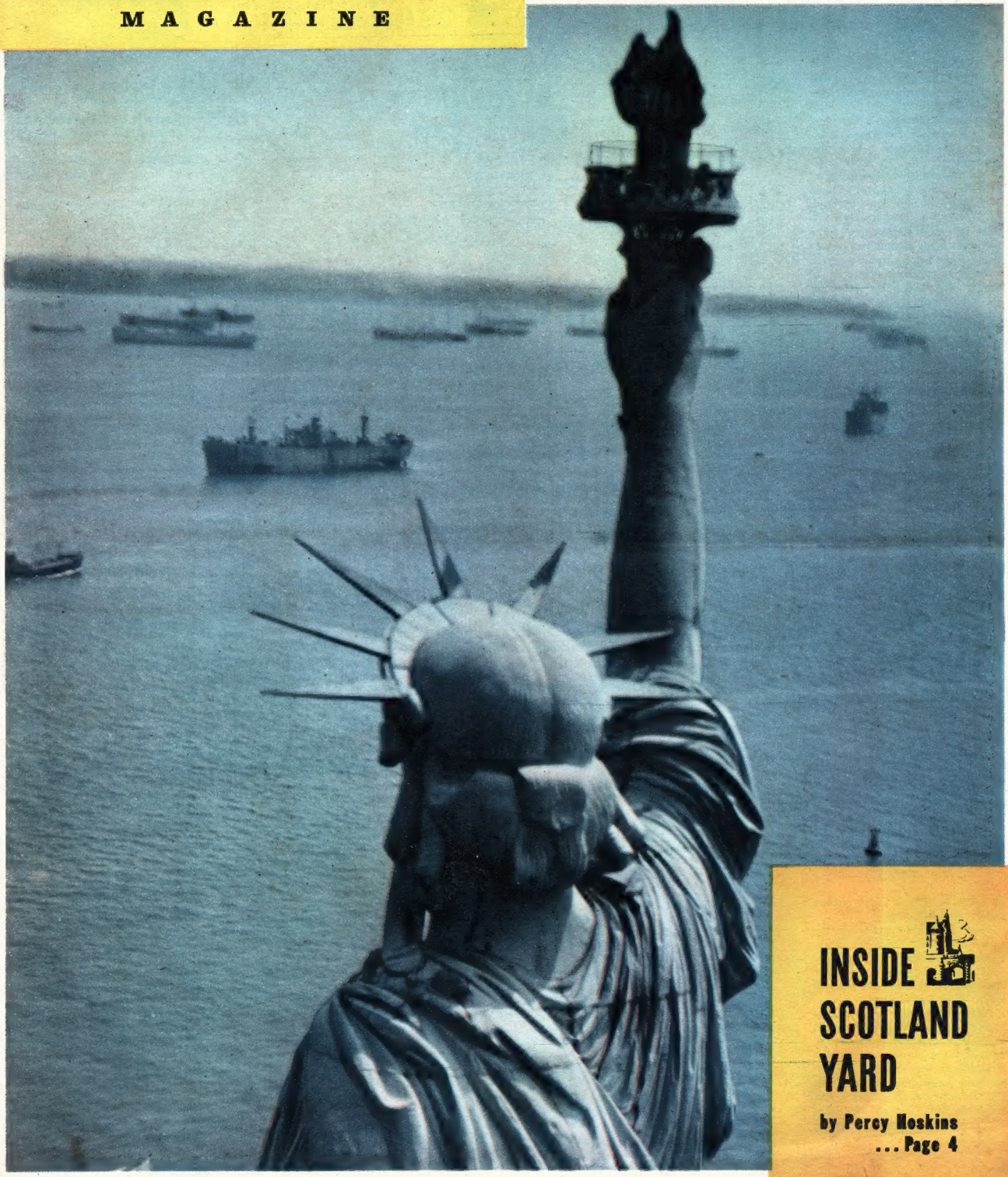

INSIDE SCOTLAND YARD

by Percy Hoskins

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MISS LIBERTY: HER FIRST HELICOPTER PORTRAIT. SEE PAGE 2

CLOSE-UP

(See Front Cover)

FIRSTS. The pictures on the cover and below represent two firsts: Never before has the Statue of Liberty had her picture taken from a helicopter and never before has Photographer Albert Polinske been up in a helicopter.

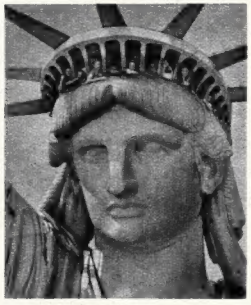
The lensman liked the assignment. Working in a helicopter — from Naval Reserve and piloted by Capt. M. D. Kembro — was strictly a joy-ride: He's spent the last three and a half years riding around with the airborne troops as a paratroop sergeant.

The flying cameraman had only one complication. When the helicopter got over the big statue on Bedloe's Island, the wind came from the wrong direction. Result: The plane kept shooting past the lady.

Kembro solved that problem by flying into the wind. Polinske ended up by shooting his pictures over the pilot's shoulder. (For technicians: He shot at 1/400 of a second with the lens stopped down to F.8.)

SHOOTING. The helicopter made a nice floating tripod. For the close close-ups, the lens was less than 100 feet away from the Lady's famous face.

After a half hour of shooting, the flyers decided to check with the ground photographer who was recording their work. They came down, in a straight line, on the lawn behind the statue. A man was mowing the



No. 1 cover-girl

lawn. But he stopped rather quickly and got out of the way.

The men took off again and the grass-cutter went back to work. Polinske got a few more shots and, finally headed for home with the first close-ups ever taken of the glamour lady in New York harbor.

Polinske says if she had been any other kind of feminine celebrity, she'd have plenty to worry about: Wind, rain, soot have given her a dirty face; inconsiderate visitors have smeared her with pencils, crayons, lipsticks. But Polinske reports that she still makes the best cover-girl he's seen.

— **MURIEL RATTNER**

THE NEW COLUMBUS

By Joseph Auslander

God give the whole world such a morning

As met the lookout's dazzled eyes

When, all San Salvador adorning,

He watched the new dawn rise.

So, from our long and perilous night

May we emerge and, by God's grace,

See stretched before us, broad and bright,

Our passage into peace.

God, of all good the sum and source,

Give us stout Captains at the helm,

To gain, by steering a straight course,

A free and tranquil realm!

Sidelines

FAIR ENOUGH. Sign outside an Indiana barbershop:

HAIRCUT 50c. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR HAIR REFUNDED

TUT-TUT. Perhaps the most proper town in all the Western world is Clones, Ireland, where the town fathers even frown on young people holding hands. According to "Variety," the local movie house has a regulation that fellows and their

Prohibited in Clones

colleens can't sit in the same section of the house. But if a couple can show a marriage license, it's perfectly all right to sit together in the last row and spoon all they like.

HELPING HAND. A while back we mentioned in this column that the Jap beetle is reforming; research shows that it's starting to attack the dread poison-ivy plant. Further evidence of its good intentions comes to us from a Maryland reader. He says that when he was golfing the other day, he made a fine shot to the green, but the ball dribbled to a stop *just* on the rim of the cup. While he and his fellow golfers stared in fascination at the poised ball, who should come along but friend Jap beetle. It flew right onto the ball with exactly enough force to pop it in.

Score: One under par.

This Week Magazine

FOR A BETTER AMERICA

WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor

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Cover by International

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Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

- Less Oily
- Smoother, Younger looking
- Less Coarse-looking
- Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
- Less Incipient Blackheads
- Fresher
- Brighter, Clearer Color

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what beauty care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

DON'T WASTE SOAP. It uses scarce materials.

Inside Scotland Yard

BY PERCY HOSKINS

From the confidential files of England's No. 1 crime reporter comes this intimate account of the Yard's strangest cases . .

PERCY HOSKINS (right) is Scotland Yard's Dr. Watson. The Yard man he's with, like all his colleagues, has come to trust Hoskins's bloodhound sense. Hoskins is the crime expert for London's largest newspaper, the "Express." Once a week he writes Scotland Yard's official radio program for BBC. He, more than any other writer, knows the innermost workings of the world's most legendary crime-fighting outfit. He has just been to the U. S. to tell J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI about the Yard's postwar work. Strange thing about Hoskins is his resemblance to Alfred Hitchcock, the movies' crime expert. He also resembles Hitchcock in his ability to relate a chilling story — as these true cases from his private notebook will prove.

CONSIDER the case of Bertram Webb, a London accountant. When Webb was shot dead in his Bayswater Flat, Chief Inspector Horwell, the investigating detective, quickly came to the conclusion that the killer was a housebreaker who specialized in what is known as "sounding the drum." Such a man rings doorbells and, when he finds a house where no amount of ringing or knocking can produce an answer, he assumes the place is empty and breaks in. Webb had apparently surprised such a man in his flat, and the intruder had drawn a revolver and fired.

Horwell detailed detectives to ascertain if people in the neighborhood had had any strange callers on that afternoon. One lady remembered such a caller. He had rung her bell and, when she opened the door, had said: "I have come from the Warwick Garage."

There was no Warwick Garage in the neighborhood and to most detectives this fact would have brought the investigation to another dead end. But not to Chief Inspector Horwell. Why, he asked himself, when a man is suddenly put to it to invent an excuse quickly, should he think of a garage that doesn't exist? Why should the name "Warwick" leap into his mind?

When he examined the files on men suspected of this type of crime, he found one who had relations living in a Warwick Road. And so Frederick Stewart was brought to justice, simply because the Chief Inspector had a hobby — a peculiarity, if you like — of asking himself psychological questions.

The Error of the Careless Drum-sounder

It is not only the art of skilled detection and a superb manhunting technique which enable Scotland Yard to maintain its record. The factor of chance is often of the greatest aid to the Murder Squad chiefs.

I have watched the tracking down, and attended the trials, of many of the most notorious British murderers in recent years. **There is a feature of these crimes which has struck me very forcibly — the frequency with which some trick of luck, or some trifling error of judgment, has led to the conviction of a murderer who would otherwise have escaped justice.**

Overconfidence was the undoing of Nurse Waddingham. She had successfully got away with the murder of one victim — a wealthy old lady — by morphine poisoning, and she was filling out the cremation papers for the disposal of a second. Two trusting medicos had given her a certificate to the effect that her victim had died from natural causes and everything looked like plain sailing.

Now, if Nurse Waddingham had been content with putting her ordinary address at the top of the papers, nothing would have happened. But to make it look more imposing she added the words "The Nursing Home." By chance, the cremation medical officer was also a medical officer for the district. In his latter capacity he was the registering authority for all nursing homes. Realizing this "home" was unregistered, he notified the coroner, who ordered an analysis.

Surely the perfect crime but for three words.

The Yard is often accused of handling murderers with kid

gloves. Restrictions on police powers in Britain prohibit the use of anything in the nature of "third degree." So the Yard man falls back on one of two methods. He may take a series of statements from the suspect over a period of some hours. If the suspect is telling the truth, the story will stick. If he isn't, he generally blunders on from one lie to another until he has got himself into a hopeless tangle.

The other method is to let the suspect "stew" in a waiting room for an hour or two. Then, when he comes into the interrogation room, the detective remains silent — and waits for the suspect to "open up." In most cases the criminal assumes the police know more than they actually do and begins his "explanation."

Recently, the Yard carried out a successful war of nerves against a certain murder suspect. Here is the scene:

Four men sit around a police-station table. Three of them are puffing away at cigarettes. The fourth sits clasping and unclasping his hands. Now and then a question comes from one of the three — a pause, and the fourth man answers.

The Mistake of the Man who Needed a Smoke

Cigarette smoke gradually filters around the room and for the first time the fourth man asks a question. "Do you mind if I smoke?" he inquires, and pulls from his pocket a packet of tobacco, some cigarette papers, and begins to roll a cigarette.

His three companions have not answered. Their eyes are fixed on those fingers rolling the cigarette. For a cigarette, with some tobacco of the same brand and rolled in a peculiar way, was discovered beneath the body of a nine-year-old girl found murdered in a London ditch.

Modern chemistry had once again come to the aid of Scotland Yard by identifying a particular brand of tobacco from a few fragments. And now the suspect put a noose around his neck by rolling a cigarette in the same unusual way.

Murder in the Blitz

Clues which seem trifling trap many murderers. In the past few years, we have seen men sentenced in Britain's courts because of the rolled-up fragments of a paper label, a bloodstained matchstick, a patch on a blouse, a piece of carbon paper, a chance snapshot by a street photographer.

It is merely further proof that however perfect his plans, the murderer can never be certain of escape.

Harry Dobkin had the ingenious thought that he could beat the Yard by adapting the circumstances of war to cloak his crime.

In April, 1941, this 48-year-old night watchman was getting tired of paying his estranged wife a separation allowance. So tired, in fact, that he stopped it. Then, when she began to make trouble, he thought of the blitz, which wasn't hard to do in those days.

Result: On the night of April 11, 1941, Rachel Dobkin began to be missed by her friends. Since her home neighborhood of Kensington was being plastered by bombs, the assumption was that she had been buried in some bomb blast.

Fourteen months later, a demolition worker, cleaning up the ruins of Vauxhall Baptist Chapel, found the remains of a body under a slab.

In accordance with a strict rule applying to all blitz victims, the body was examined by a police doctor. He found it to be partly coated with lime. The case was then referred to Dr. Keith Simpson, the famous Home Office pathologist.

Dr. Simpson discovered something else. A tiny bone in the larynx had been broken. This, he figured, could only mean that the woman had been strangled.

Scenting murder, the police checked their list of missing persons. Unfortunately, the body and skeleton were of average size and a number of people had disappeared (thanks to the Germans) at approximately the time this victim had died. But police records turned up a curious fact. On April 11, 1941, the handbag of one Rachel Dobkin had been found in the post office at Guildford, containing her ration book and identity card. If Rachel Dobkin was still living, why had they never been claimed? It looked like a possible lead.

So the police went to the address on the ration book, and there they learned the address of Rachel's husband. Harry said he had not seen Rachel for more than a year and didn't know what had happened to her. Then a dentist identified the teeth as those of Rachel, and soon after, neighbors remembered seeing Harry prowling around the chapel. He had been a fire-watcher in the neighborhood and he claimed that he had been "searching for coins."

But he was unable to explain why he had begun to pay his separation allowance into court regularly for the first time from the week his wife disappeared.

Harry went to the gallows.

Scotland Yard almost forgot about the war in February, 1942, when, under cover of the blackout, five young women were stabbed or strangled to death in as many days. All these crimes, each followed by ghoulish mutilation of the bodies, were committed in apartments within a mile radius of Piccadilly Circus.

For weeks the murder squads worked day and night without unearthing the slightest clue. All they knew was that they were up against a ruthless sex maniac who was liable to strike again at any moment.

An RAF "Jack the Ripper"

Then Chief Inspector Greeno heard the story of a struggle between a man and a woman in a Piccadilly doorway.

A boy delivering wine to a night club had heard a woman cry out. He flashed his light into the doorway. A man ran out and dashed away down the street. Police found a service respirator near by, marked with the name and number of Aircraftsman Gordon Cummins, 28-year-old RAF cadet. Greeno went to see Cummins at his camp. His story appeared reasonable. He had been accosted by the woman and had struck her when she had asked him for money. She had cried out and he had run to avoid a scene.

Greeno found Cummins's background fairly presentable — on the surface. He was married to the secretary of a London theatrical impresario and his father was a schoolmaster in the Midlands. His civil record was clean and at the beginning of the war he had thrown up a good job to join the RAF. He had a thousand flying hours to his credit and his commanding officer described him as "a very intellectual type of airman," already recommended for promotion.

But Greeno was not completely satisfied. He began to dig deeper below the surface and found indications that Cummins had a dual personality. Persistent questioning of acquaintances revealed that Cummins was a vain young man nicknamed "The Count," who liked to pose as "the Honorable Gordon Cummins" and boasted of his conquests among fashionable society women. **There still was nothing to connect him with the murders, but Greeno decided to go over Cummins's camp with a fine-tooth comb.**

In the back corner of a refrigerator, hidden behind cans of fruit juice, the detective found a can opener. It bore fingerprints — fingerprints of one of the murder victims. Greeno asked Cummins where he was on the night of that particular

The Case of the "Count" and the Screaming Girl

crime, and the airman promptly — rather too promptly — produced a leave pass indicating that he had been miles away from Piccadilly.

But the Yard's attention to detail scored again. The pass, tested under ultra-violet rays, was shown to be a forgery.

From that moment, Cummins became completely entangled in his net of lies, and the Yard found little difficulty in proving that he had been responsible for the reign of terror which had cleared Piccadilly streets more completely than any vice squad had ever been able to do.

The Curious Dog and the Clue of the Coat

There is little of the thin-faced and didactic Sherlock Holmes about the men who solve Britain's modern murder mysteries. They are mostly genial, shrewd gentlemen whose cynicism is tempered by the tolerance of long experience with naked human nature. But most of them have three qualities in common with Conan Doyle's character: dogged persistence, deadly intuition, and the tobacco habit.

A pipe is hardly ever away from the lips of 48-year-old William Chapman — a portly man from Suffolk, successful prober of many British homicide mysteries. When work is over, Chapman likes to slip away from the cares of Scotland Yard to his garden at Blackheath. In appearance, he is the reverse of the film producers' and novelists' conception of a sleuth. He has a round face and twinkling eyes. They call him "The Cherub."

For sheer persistence Chapman has no equal at Scotland Yard. The body of an unknown woman was once found in the River Lea at Luton. Every scrap which might help to establish identity had been removed — even the false teeth. The face was so mutilated that recognition was impossible.

For six months Chapman pursued a search for the identity. The authorities were ready to call it quits, but Chapman would not give up.

A Long-shot Clue

Tramping through a street near the scene of the crime, he saw a dog chewing up a scrap of material. He took it away from the animal, found it to be the shoulder padding of a woman's coat. The material closely resembled that of the coat worn by the victim. Embedded in it was a cleaner's tab. Chapman checked the tab. It was a long shot that paid off. It led to a murder charge. Chapman was pleased — and went back to work on a sadly neglected garden.

Though his methods may be different, Wilfred Tarr, latest recruit on the Murder Squad, looks most like Sherlock Holmes.

More than once Tarr has proved the truth of the axiom: "Intuition is essential at Scotland Yard." When he was engaged in the "Cleft Chin" case a year ago, news came that the car used in the murder had been found in a dead-end street at Fulham.

According to routine regulations, he should have had a swarm of fingerprint and other experts summoned to examine the vehicle. Tarr hesitated. He noted that the car had been backed into the dead-end, and he reasoned that this was not an abandoned vehicle. It was there for a getaway. He quietly placed men around the area and trained a spotlight to shine on the car the moment anyone approached.

Sure enough, the murderer came back and was seized before he could use the fully loaded .45 automatic which he carried.

Another Yard man solved a recent murder through the chance inspiration that a street photographer might have taken a picture of the killer as he walked away from the scene of the crime. The detective stayed out of bed for nights developing thousands of negatives — but he got his man.

In a now-famous "Blood Group" case, the same sleuth was sure he had spotted the criminal, but had been unable to nail the necessary evidence.

Finally, excellent scientific work by Dr. Roche Lynch of the Home Office, tenacity, and a little help from the public sent a disappointed suitor to the hangman. Peggy Silverman, a London stenographer, was found dead with her throat cut on the stairway landing of her office in the city. The police suspected a jilted lover but he had what seemed to be a sound alibi.

In a routine examination of the body, Lynch discovered that her blood fell into the group known as "AB," the rarest

Continued on page 14

It had taken the agency just two minutes to give Mary a new name

Life With A Capital "L"

BY NANETTE KUTNER

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Champagne, two postcards, a millionaire and a small-town girl made an odd combination

A Short Story

WELL, she'd made the grade. She knew it the moment she walked into a New York night club with Willie Brent — into the room where you had to be "known."

On that first night nothing was clear. She was drunk, not with the champagne sent to Willie Brent's table, but with young excitement. The place, the evening all appeared unreal, like the time back in Southwalk when she got appendicitis and had to be rushed to the hospital. Everything seemed a dream. It wasn't happening to her, to Mary Stevens, after only six weeks in New York City.

And that was New York for you — events bursting double quick, double time, making her think of the hot music she and Jerry Haskel had danced to, at that dive outside of Southwalk. Why everything had changed for her in these few weeks, maybe her whole life, even her name!

"Nobody'd pay any attention to *Mary*," the boss at the model agency had said.

She didn't agree. There was Mary Queen of Scots, wasn't there? And Mary Pickford.

But he ran the agency. "Let's see," he said. "Your hair — it's the most distinctive part of you ... those wonderful natural lights." Turning to his office staff, who stood impersonally around, he demanded, "What *does* her hair remind you of?"

Immediately his secretary, whom Mary considerd catty, shouted "Mustard!"

"Not ex-actly," he drawled. "Yet ... those wild mustard plants in Southern California ... they've got her kind of glint."

SO MUSTARD STEVENS she became ... Mustard Stevens, just like that.

"Cute," said the other girls.

Two of them, who shared an apartment on East Seventeenth Street, asked her to come in with them. They had lots of reasons. It would cut down their expenses. She wouldn't be lonely. A good address was important. "You've simply got to live on the east side," they told her. "And this is near Gramercy Park."

They'd also changed their own names; one called herself Idaho Smith. The other was Trolley Adams. "Why not! My dad's a street-car conductor," she wisecracked.

On the whole they were easy to live with, goodnatured and kind when they thought about it; usually too self-centered to bother. Yet they were honestly happy over, and not at all jealous of the extraordinary luck, that she, greenhorn Mustard Stevens, encountered during the very first week she worked for the agency.

That was the week for Brent's Wine, Inc. to select Miss Fine Wine of 1946. Their advertising manager had warned the model agency: "We must have a fresh face."

"You'd think he was ordering muffins," said Idaho, whose own face had been, as she said, "shot so much it should be full of holes."

The agency head never took chances. He herded five of his most experienced models, plus a headlined debutante who wanted to pose for a lark. And he brought along, in deference to the advertising manager, the newest of faces — that of Mustard Stevens.

Later he told his secretary: "The deb would have been chosen, if Willie Brent hadn't put his two cents in."

No matter what anybody said about Willie Brent, they had to admit he did own Brent's Wine, Inc. He was the Brent, the Wine and the Inc. His father willed it to him; he, in turn, usually left it snug with the board of directors.

For Willie was busy having careers. One year he took up oil painting, another he led a band, another he attempted compiling a book of famous peoples' cocktail recipes. He thought it would help him to meet a lot of celebrities. Since he only met their press agents, he neglected to finish the book.

IT WAS Mary's fortune — good or bad, as you will — that the day she tried out as Miss Fine Wine, Willie had decided to go in for advertising. Where better to start, he figured, than his own established concern?

As he liked the looks of Mary, in preference to a debutante who was definitely old hat to him, she won the assignment.

She'd be Miss Fine Wine of 1946, saying "Brent's Wine is the fine wine," on billboards and back covers of slick magazines; saying it each month for twelve consecutive months in twelve different changes of costume, all in color, all pouring wine — she, who never drank anything stronger than a soda or a coke.

After the contracts were finally signed, Willie Brent invited her to dinner.

"See," the girls said, "aren't you glad you're living in a good neighborhood? You don't have to be ashamed." And then they said, "You'd better get a new dress."

But first she hauled out the cinnamon colored dinner gown she'd bought before leaving Southwalk. "The color kind of matches

your eyes," Idaho favorably commented.

Her advisers decided it would do. In fact they both, born New Yorkers, via Brooklyn and Long Island, were surprised you could find such a smart dress outside that city.

"Southwalk's department stores have buyers . . ." she icily informed them.

The dress had cap sleeves, a long draped skirt, a low V neck. Idaho snatched a pair of scissors and made the V lower. Trolley loaned her a wolf jacket.

Willie Brent sent orchids. They were of the deepest purple, and the biggest Mary (secretly she still thought of herself as Mary) had ever seen. She pinned one where the V met, the other in her hair.

The girls approved, said good-by, tactfully quit the apartment early. "So you can have a clear field."

SHE had at least a half hour of waiting, as Willie believed in dining late. She stared in the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door. Why, she thought, if she'd stayed in Southwalk she'd still be talking about her appendicitis operation. Here she whirled at such speed that, except for her parents, she'd found no time to write to anybody. She knew she could sit down and write to Jerry Haskel this minute, while she waited for Willie Brent. She felt suddenly guilty, not having let Jerry hear a word from her. Then she looked at her newly manicured nails . . . no, she might spatter ink on them.

Poor Jerry. He did seem such a long way off . . . like Southwalk. Five hours by train; as far as the moon.

She walked into the living room, carrying the wolf jacket. Carefully she draped it over a chair, stroking the soft fur, pretending she owned it. Then she sat down on the divan and tried to think of how she'd greet Willie Brent. Instead, her thoughts kept creeping back to Jerry.

Jerome B. Haskel . . . that's how he'd printed it on the blackboard, in third grade.

In their teens, Jerry had begun walking her home, after Friday dancing class, to the comfortable red brick, porch bordered house her parents had built.

Jerry had at first gone reluctantly to dancing school, but later he'd come to like it, because he and she danced so well together. They never talked while they danced. As if they were one person, they gave themselves to the rhythm.

The June they both graduated from Southwalk High, Jerry joined the Army. Mary entered business school, preparing to be a secretary in her father's law office.

Nobody in Southwalk thought it odd when Jerry, Army discharged, went to work in a garage. He loved machinery. Soon his father, Doctor Haskel, bought him a half interest, and Jerry labored overtime on his own, washing, greasing, repairing cars. He wore blue jeans. His face was ruddy, his forehead grease streaked from pushing back the wispy blond hair that kept falling across his forehead.

AFTER hours he'd drive Mary over to what they called their "dive." Its name was Sammy's Joynt.

Sammy was the fattest man either of them had ever seen. And as goodnatured as he was fat. He served a mean hamburger, buried under a white layer of sliced raw onions; along side, an order of French frieds, crisp, sliver thin. This combination was washed down with at least three cups of coffee. You helped yourself to the sugar, pouring it out of a tall, trusting glass container. Nothing swanky about Sammy's Joynt. His dance music came out of a juke box, his tables were minus cloths, his napkins made of paper. But they always had a wonderful time there.

Or so Mary had thought until her appendicitis operation. In the hospital, weak and cross, she brooded. Suppose she'd died — what then? What would she have known of life, with a capital L? Only her father's office, her mother's cooking, the red brick house — and Jerry, always Jerry, plus Sammy's Joynt thrown in for good measure.

"I want more," she told her parents, "much more."

Because they were simple people and she their only child, they agreed to back her financially for six months. Mary Stevens should have her chance in New York. "I'm going to try for a model's job!" she declared.

Jerry drove her to the station. His blue eyes looked serious. He held her hand.

"Now, Jerry," she protested.

He held her hand anyway.

"I'll miss you," she admitted, adding hastily, honestly. "But I'm not coming back if I can help it. I'm tired of Southwalk."

"I'll wait," said Jerry.

"I'm no good at writing," she warned. "I don't believe in it. During the war too many false romances were built solely on imagination . . . because of moony letters."

"I'll wait," he repeated. "Drop me a line, Mary. That's all, just a line. By what you say, by how you write it . . . I'll know."

The train rumbled in. He grabbed her close, kissed her roughly, whispering, "I'll stick around until I hear." . . .

She'd never written. She hadn't found an extra second to think of Jerry — until this wait for Willie Brent.

The buzzer rang, and in a minute there he was, a real millionaire, who looked like Robert Taylor. A rather tired Robert Taylor, she observed, but you couldn't have everything. . .

AND Willie Brent took her to the Stork Club, which proved to be, in itself, all she had expected.

Mary was too excited to relish the food. For directly across, against the opposite wall, she faced Ann Sheridan drinking a glass of milk. That was only the overture. Right next to Mary, so close she could have nudged him, sat Walter Winchell eating a lamb chop. First she wondered if he intended using an item about her being chosen "Miss Fine Wine." Then she wondered how the folks in Southwalk would feel when they saw her name in Winchell's column!

They won't know, she reflected . . . Mary Stevens . . . Mustard Stevens. . . Some difference.

Like a small child on Christmas morning she gobbled the whole exhilarating sight. Instead of pinching herself, she touched one of the ashtrays against which was placed a card whose bold red letters stated:

$5.00 COVER CHARGE
FOR
TABLE HOPPING

Willie Brent saw her finger the card. "That's for hicks," he explained. "So they won't pester big shots."

She turned the card over; to her surprise it was actually a postal. On the spot for the stamp they had printed in the same fireman red: YOU WRITE IT. WE MAIL IT.

She sneaked the card into her handbag. I guess I'm still a hick, she thought.

Willie Brent was saying she had beautiful eyes. "And also a very cute nose."

"It's getting kind of shiny."

He looked alarmed. "Don't powder it *here*. Sherman Billingsley may be along any minute, and I'd hate to have him see a girl of mine making up at the table."

Embarrassed, she disappeared upstairs to the ladies' room. She guessed Willie Brent must be right. After all, this was a far cry from Sammy's Joynt, where anything went, and you could even wear slacks if you liked.

IN THE mirrored ladies' room came the climax of the evening. A woman who looked like Joan Crawford spoke to her. The woman had dropped her handkerchief. Bending to pick it up, she accidentally brushed against Mary's skirt and graciously said, "Oh excuse me, please."

No sooner had the woman left than it dawned upon Mary that this wasn't somebody who looked like Joan Crawford. She *was* Joan Crawford!

Mary sank down on one of the chairs that faced the long horizontal mirrored wall. She opened her bag to get at her compact. Out fell the postcard: YOU WRITE IT. WE MAIL IT.

Why not? If she was ever going to tell Jerry, it ought to be now. And what better way? Certainly there was no hope for him — not when she, Mary Stevens, could live in such a world, escorted night after night by a millionaire, surrounded by movie stars, even having one bump smack into her.

He was alarmed. "Don't powder it here," he said. "Too conspicuous"

The attendant furnished a fountain pen.

With the pen in her hand Mary hesitated. Then arguing, it's like my bad appendix, cut it out, cut quickly, it's best in the long run, she scribbled, "Try this on Sammy's Joynt. But don't expect me to go back again."

In large, straight up and down writing her message ran dramatically, diagonally, across the card. No space left for a name. She didn't sign. It wasn't necessary. Jerry would know. And there were plenty of girls who'd be glad for the chance to go steady with him. There was Matilda Higgins. She used to have a crush on Jerry. Suppose Matty did have buck teeth . . . her disposition was wonderful.

Downstairs, on her way back, Mary handed the card, along with her prettiest smile, to one of the waiters. "I wrote it, you mail it," she twinkled, adding, "please."

"Yes, Madame." He bowed low.

Then Mary rejoined Willie Brent.

"You look positively radiant," he remarked. "What *are* you thinking about?"

Afraid to sound like one of his despised hicks, she didn't tell him she was thinking of the waiter. Never before had anybody called her Madame in such an elegant manner, nor bowed quite so low. "Life" was getting bigger every minute; its initial was practically neon lighted. . .

It took several months for that light to dim. Mary, grown accustomed to having dinner four times a week with Willie Brent, could now look at The Stork Club objectively.

But she did appreciate the food. By the time Willie Brent called for her, around seven-thirty, she always felt ravenous. Modeling was hard work.

ADVERTISEMENTS were planned as much as six months in advance. On the hottest summer day Mary posed under strong lights, wearing a woolen ski suit. This was the last of the "Fine Wine" ads, the one for December. The agency, without further aid from Willie Brent (he now intended backing a "significant" play), had already begun search for a '47 model "who must have an entirely new, fresh face." . . .

On evenings alone, Mary patronized an Italian restaurant in her neighborhood. Here she ate early, a full course dinner for a dollar — antipasto, minestrone, spaghetti with meat sauce, liberal helpings of grated cheese, crisp fresh bread, spumoni and finally coffee served Italian style — black, in a glass with a slice of lemon rind.

The restaurant was officially and inappropriately labeled "The Canary." Its walls, after the owner's weekend efforts at painting them canary color, had wound up bathroom blue. That didn't matter. It had all the intimacy of Sammy's Joynt. Everybody called the place "Rico's."

Mary laughed with chubby Enrico, later sitting around the old-fashioned upright while his equally chubby daughter played and sang. And the night their one waitress left in a huff, Mary joined the family, gleefully helping wait on tables.

Willie Brent wouldn't have approved — but Jerry Haskel would have loved Rico's. There was a juke box in the corner.

She tried not to think of Jerry. After receiving the Stork Club postcard, he'd probably squelched any thoughts of her. No doubt he was going with Matilda Higgins. Her mother had written recently, "Matilda had caps put on her front teeth."

MARY took walks in the neighborhood. But she could not enter Gramercy Park. It was locked. . . Imagine! And keys were only for those who lived on the Square. She thought back to Southwalk, with its open-armed green right in the center of town.

Once, on her way to Rico's, she stood outside a small Greek church, waiting with the other standees for a wedding party to emerge. An excited onlooker handed her rice; with a tear and a cheer she tossed some at the strange bride and groom.

"Hick," she accused herself, "still a hick." Well, wasn't she, when she got a thrill out of reading that lone copy of the Southwalk "Hour" her parents had mailed? She read Jerry's garage ad seven times.

At dinners with Willie Brent there wasn't much to talk about. Watching celebrities seemed all very well, but when you didn't

Continued on page 16

FLAMING YOUTH? Will we have a new jazz age? Attorney General Clark speaks out next week . . .

Dinner's Ready!

And how flattered the folks feel . . .
Home-cooked soup! (Yet so easy.)

by Betty Crocker

Vegetable Soup—with noodles to make it more filling and complete—so often seems just the right beginning. You may feel that preparing vegetables for home-cooked soup is a chore. Then do try our new product. It's called Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup Ingredients. Seven garden vegetables, rich egg noodles, and seasonings—ready for your soup kettle!

• • •

The Menu: Suggested by our General Mills foods staff. Easy for you. And don't you think everyone would enjoy it?

Home-cooked Vegetable Noodle Soup
Toast Strips
Baked Limas and Sausage
Spinach and Raw Cauliflower Salad
Raisin Bread
Autumn Fruit Bowl **Coffee**

• • •

Quick Recipe for home-cooked vegetable noodle soup: Take one package of our soup ingredients. Empty contents into a pan of boiling water. Add a little fat. Then let it simmer a few minutes. That's all you do, for six generous bowlfuls. More than twice the soup you get from an average size can. Really economical.

• • •

It's Fresh Cooked! Your husband prefers fresh cooked soup, doesn't he? That's what you're serving, when you use our vegetable noodle product. Your soup is cooked for the first time in your own kitchen. None of that warmed-over taste. Do serve this good vegetable noodle soup often. Also our green split pea soup, which you cook only five minutes.

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General Mills, Inc.

They Fooled Me

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Author of "The Art of Living"

Vets make the best students, this writer-professor finds. They've learned the value of an education the hard way . .

LISTENING to all the talk about problems of veteran readjustment, in the days just after the end of the war, I found myself beginning to fear that the returning American servicemen were going to be a group of temperamental neurotics who would have to be handled with extra care. As a teacher at the University of Kansas City, I anticipated their return to the classroom with anxiety.

About one-third of my students last semester were veterans. To my surprise, they proved to be not only quite normal persons, but more sensible, wiser, better-adjusted than my civilian students.

In 1944 and 1945, when I taught in co-educational universities, the girls were always my best students. In 1946, the returning veterans are at the top of the class; next come the girls; and in third place, the "civilians." Why? **Because the veterans are more mature. They have seen the world, they have suffered, they understand better than others the value of education.**

"In prewar days," one veteran told me, "culture meant very little to me. I knew, of course, that I had to get an education before I could get a job — but I couldn't see why. The stuff they taught seemed useless. In the classroom, geometry was just lines and circles on a blackboard. But on the battlefield, when your life depends on the careful calculation of an angle by a gunner, geometry comes alive. To any pilot who had to navigate by the stars, astronomy became very real."

A Use for History

"YES," said another, "and any GI who had to deal with Italians, Frenchmen or Arabs suddenly realized that we couldn't understand the reactions of all these people unless we knew something about their past.

"When a Commencement speaker tells you that this world is one, and that isolation is now an empty word, it's just another speech. But when, after a few hours of flight, you can land in Africa, in Europe or in Japan, then you have no doubt as to the unity of the world."

What is true of history is also true of literature. "Before the war," said another student, "when I was told to read Tolstoy's 'War and Peace,' I thought it was an unfair assignment — much too long. **Now, 'War and Peace' is to me my own story and the story of my friends.**

"I have observed that men in different lands design different types of houses, eat different foods, follow different philosophies," he went on. "Yet they all love and hate in the same way, and they are all engaged in the same pursuit of happiness. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't be an isolationist again."

Veterans came back more proud than ever to be Americans. "The countries of Europe are very beautiful," they say. "We admire their towns, their monuments, and we understand the pride they take in their history. But we also know that what *we* have is good. No other nation enjoys quite the same freedom as we do. Of course, reforms, improvements are always possible in our system, yet such as it is we find it better than anything else we have seen."

They are convinced that it is their duty to remain well informed in politics, national and international.

"We don't want to be neutrals," one said to me. "Neutrals look harmless — but they are not. They are responsible for much of the world's suffering. Look at Germany. In 1930, when Nazism began, there was only a minority of fanatics. But millions of 'neutral' Germans allowed Hitler to come to power, to ruin Germany and Europe. We don't want that sort of thing to happen here at home — and the only way to avoid it is to get in the fight ourselves."

Forgetting Combat

ARE veterans emotionally upset by their experiences? Some of them once were, but they soon recovered. Among my students I had a boy who had led 32 missions over Germany and had won the Distinguished Flying Cross. I knew he had been in some hair-raising situations. I asked him, "Do you still feel the effects of your combat experiences?"

"The first weeks after my return I did. The first movie I saw was 'Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.' . . When the flak began to explode, I had to leave the theater. I was shaky, all right. . . But that didn't last. Now I feel very steady.

"Of course, I have changed. I'm much more hard-boiled than I used to be and better equipped for life. I've learned to look after myself. Before I joined the Army, I thought I was entitled by right of birth to the comforts of civilization, to movies, ice cream, dates with beautiful girls. Today, I know that this is a hard world in which you have to keep fighting all the time. I no longer fear a long walk or a poor meal. Problems that once seemed overwhelming are trivial now."

Architect's Oversight

SEVERAL of my students were married; some had children. One of them told the President of the University, "This is a fine campus, sir, but the architect forgot one thing: he provided no playground for children."

I wondered how the veterans would get on with the other students. There was no apparent friction. Perhaps the ordinary students sometimes felt the veteran was too keen on study, not sufficiently interested in campus activities. But soon the whole class adopted the pace set by the vets and all students, girls included, worked harder and better than the year before.

Will the veterans exert the same kind of influence on the life and ideas of the United States? I hope they will. This country has no better men than these warriors turned students. *The End*

GI'S ON CAMPUS have displaced co-eds at the head of the class

New EVERSHARP
Look How Easy To Reload!
Simply remove old cartridge. Insert a new cartridge . . . in 15 seconds. Nothing to spill or stain. You can write in any color—any time—just by changing cartridges. EVERSHARP CA* Reload Cartridges come in 4 colors. Available at stores everywhere. Only 50¢.
WRITES IN FOUR BRILLIANT COLORS
Blue-black, Red, Green, Violet. Just change CA* Reload Cartridges. 50¢ at stores everywhere.

CA* WRITES 74,802 WORDS

WITHOUT REFILLING!

CA* does it!

*CA means Capillary Action—Cartridge— an exclusive Eversharp patent.

Reloads cleanly—with a CA* Cartridge—in 15 seconds. You refill it yourself—nothing to spill or stain—no waiting. Cartridges available in 4 colors—50¢ everywhere . . . World's smoothest writing instrument . . . Writes on a Magic Sphere . . . Rolls the ink on dry! . . . It's self-blotting. Won't smear . . . Writes for 3 months to 3 years without refilling, depending on how much you write . . . Writes in any color, by changing cartridges . . . Can't leak in an airplane—at any altitude, or at ground level . . . You can't even *shake* the ink out . . . Writes on any material, paper, linen, textiles . . . Even writes dry when submerged under water—on wet laundry tags or photo prints . . . Makes 6 to 8 carbon copies at a time . . . Always starts. Never starves . . . Friction cap snaps on and off . . . 14 Kt. Gold-filled cap and barrel-end.

Rolls the Ink on Dry!!!

EVERSHARP CA*

$15

Choice of smart colors
Complete Set with Repeater Pencil $21.50
(Prices Plus Fed. Tax)

Service Guaranteed Forever. If your EVERSHARP ever needs service we will put it in good order for 35¢. This service is guaranteed Not for years, not for life, but Guaranteed Forever.

Give EVERSHARP CA* and you give the finest!

© 1946, Eversharp, Inc.

I wish him hours crowded with happiness...

My ardent hope is for him to meet the months and years with a laughing heart, to infect with high spirits those who know him... **I PROMISE MY SON THE SECURITY** and the joyous confidence which comes with building sound physical assets from birth. I pledge him the special help he needs now to build a well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, a strong back, straight legs, sound teeth...

WHAT IS THE SPECIAL HELP that contributes to the very foundation of a baby's framework? It is structural Vitamin D which helps transform his food minerals into strong, sound bones and teeth. Start your baby on the Vitamin D source depended upon by many mothers and recommended by many doctors —Squibb Cod Liver Oil! Give it regularly *every day!*

THE HANDICAPPED ONE-FIFTH—Definite signs of poorly built bones were found in one out of five pre-school age children among 5,227 examined in North Dakota. Giving Vitamin D daily helps the child form strong sound bones. Give Squibb Cod Liver Oil regularly every day!

SQUIBB *cod liver oil*

a name you can trust

WALLY'S WAGON

Love On Wheels

TONIGHT my Missus an' me are goin' over an' sit up with th' Stantons. We don't like 'em very much. They're terrible bores.

Every time I get right in th' middle of a good fishin' story, Stan Stanton horns in an' begins talkin' about baseball, in which he's interested. Ruth, Stan's Missus, is a chatterbox an' her an' my Missus practically pull hair on four subjects at once.

But we're goin' over to their house, havin' deliberately invited ourselves — although th' Stantons was plannin' on goin' to a movie an' we was countin' on gettin' a little sleep, which I am behind on.

We are makin' the sacrifice for the sake of love—which ain't to be confused with neighborliness.

Day before yesterday young Jeff, Stan's boy, mowed th' lawn. He also helped his mother with th' dishes an' housecleanin' an' otherwise behaved like a model son out to give his character a good build-up.

YESTERDAY he washed Stan's car, swept out th' garage an' cleaned up his room. This mornin' he asked if he could borrow th' car tonight.

Stan looked at Ruth an' was about to say yes, when Ruth decided no, they would go to th' movies to see a picture that was playin' for the last time an' she didn't want to miss it.

So Jeff came to see me. He was troubled something terrible. In his distress he drank two glasses of milk an' ate six jelly doughnuts.

"Wally," Jeff tells me, "if you just knew what it was not to have a car. I got a date with a swell girl for tonight. We were goin' out to a big party. It's about ten miles an' I can't afford a taxi an' there ain't no way to get there only with a car.

"It would cause a family row if I *begged* Pop — especially since I had th' car last Saturday an' kinda count on it again this comin' Friday."

"Couldn't you get there by goin' with some of th' other kids?" I ask him.

"WELL," he murmurs, "you see this is a kind of a *special* date an' a feller doesn't like to have to double up. You can't talk things over with a girl with a lot of other people around."

"I guess not," I agree. An' I get a little flash of memory of my own younger days. So, on th' spur of th' moment I go to th' phone an' talk Stan into lettin' me an' my Missus come see 'em tonight — to keep 'em home.

It was worth it to see Jeff's eyes shine.

"Gee, Wally — you're swell," he thanks me.

"Aw," I say to him, "I was young once, too. **But tell me, Jeff, who's the special girl that ain't goin' to be disappointed tonight?"**

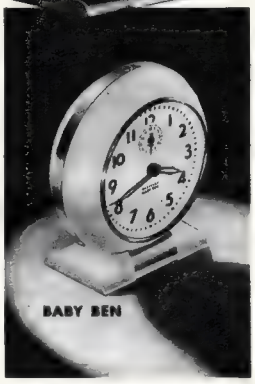
"Hasn't she told you?" the young devil grins at me.

"You mean *my* young 'un?" I gulp an' Jeff nods an' beats it before I have a chance to change my mind about decoyin' his ol' man this evenin'. —WALLY BOREN

"Oh stop getting tough with that taxi driver who insulted you and come to bed!"

Back in *Circulation*

BIG BEN



BABY BEN

BIG BEN, the world's most famous alarm clock, is back on the job of getting folks to their jobs on time! And he heads the finest family of clocks in Westclox history.

BABY BEN, little brother of Big Ben, comes in ivory finish with gold color trim or in black with nickel trim. His alarm adjusts to loud or soft. And his tick is quiet.

★

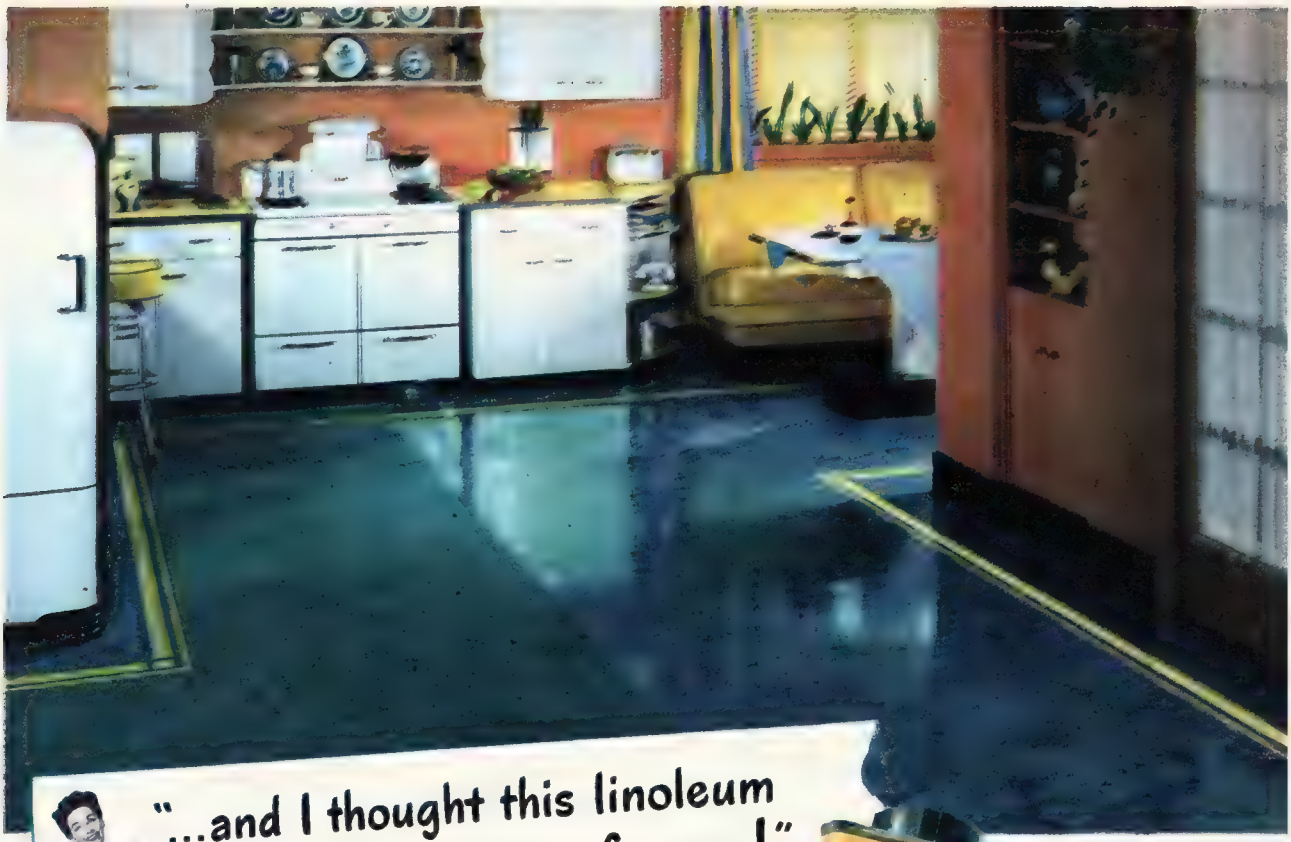
WESTCLOX, LA SALLE-PERU, ILLINOIS

BIG BEN

Keeps America on Time

WESTCLOX

Products of GENERAL TIME *Instruments Corp.*



"...and I thought this linoleum had lost its beauty forever!"

Here is a photograph taken especially to show you how an ordinary piece of linoleum would look if you left one side unpolished—and polished the other side with Johnson's Glo-Coat.

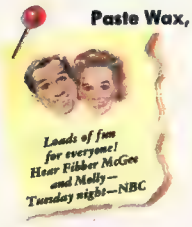
Glo-Coat makes even dull, worn linoleum surfaces shine with a completely new beauty. It brings out the colors and patterns, makes them fresh and bright. Actually, with Glo-Coat protection linoleum looks almost *new* again!

But Glo-Coat gives linoleum and other floors more than extraordinary beauty. Its protective powers make linoleum *last* years longer. And Glo-Coat saves you hours of work. It's so easy to use...you just apply and let dry. Glo-Coat shines as it dries. Spilled things wipe up in no time at all, leave no trace on the shining surface. Try it...see how completely Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat beautifies and protects your own linoleum and other floors!

MORE WOMEN USE JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT THAN ANY OTHER FLOOR POLISH

FIVE FAMOUS JOHNSON POLISHES

Self Polishing Glo-Coat,
Paste Wax, Liquid Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for cars



New! DRAX* Johnson's new product DRAX gives invisible wax protection to clothes and fabrics. DRAX-treated garments resist dirt, repel water, keep fresh longer. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy. Ask your laundry and dry cleaner for DRAX service. Coming soon! DRAX for household use. Write for information.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis., 1946

STOP ...using that shampoo that dries out your hair and scalp!

Local women are complaining. And rightly so! For a strange "drying" of hair has been found in many cases. Hair, once lovely, is gradually becoming dry, brittle and drab. Has it happened to you? You can correct the condition easily at home if the cause is your shampoo.

From now on use the shampoo with 3 selected oils — Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo. The thing to remember is that the active, cleansing ingredients of this effective shampoo are made from olive oil, (its principal ingredient), castor and coconut oils. Together they clean each hair fibre. Waves set deeper. Your hair is made manageable. You get more out of permanents. Ask for Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo. It contains no free alkali, no alcohol, no astringents.

GIRLS! get one of these beautiful sterling silver-plated lapel pins!

Yours for only 25¢ and a Laco box top. Tax paid. $1.00 retail value. 3" high, a graceful pin. Secure safety catch. Send box top to Laco, 4201 Philadelphia Road, Dept. T-10, Baltimore, Md.

Laco GENUINE CASTILE Shampoo

— for manageable, glamorous hair!

Next Week in THIS WEEK...

All kinds of reading for all the family...

Juvenile delinquency: Attorney General Clark gives a new angle on this old problem...

Fiction: Walter C. Brown shows how a Chinese husband handles the "other man"...

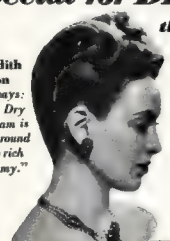
Hollywood: Susanne Horvath introduces the "voices" behind Mickey Mouse, Popeye, etc....

Government: James Miller shows how one American community runs its own railroad.

Get Well QUICKER From Your Cough Due to a Cold

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

Special for DRY SKIN this Extra-Rich Pond's Cream

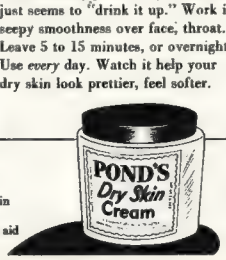


Miss Edith Kingdon Gould says: *"Pond's Dry Skin Cream is a year-around help—so rich and creamy."*

Smooth-rich like country cream! Pond's Dry Skin Cream has special skin-softening power. Dry, tense skin just seems to "drink it up." Work its seepy smoothness over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or overnight. Use *every* day. Watch it help your dry skin look prettier, feel softer.

3 Special Features

Rich in Lanolin—very like oil of skin
Homogenized—to soak in better
Special Emulsifier—extra softening aid



QUIZ 'EM

A news question-answer game

HARRIS & EWING

How old is the "attic"?

1. ATOMIC GOOD . . . *What did atomic-bomb research contribute to industry?*

More than 5,000 new products, techniques and processes are the by-product results. Many of the new compounds developed will aid directly in such basic industries as rubber, refrigeration and metals.
— V. S., Bronx, N. Y.

2. KING'S HORSES . . . *Why did Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands present 32 horses to King George VI?*

To commemorate the part played by the Household cavalry in the liberation of Holland.

3. GUNNERS PLEASE NOTE . . . *Because the population of wild ducks has declined to a dangerous level, what changes have been made in this year's hunting?*

There will be a 45-day duck shooting season — a reduction of 35 days from last year. The daily bag limit has been reduced from 10 to seven.

4. WELCOME MAT . . . *How many GI wives have entered the U. S.?*

46,000 wives, plus 12,000 children. The largest number — some 22,000 — came from England.
— C. E., Danville, Ill.

5. TAX EVADERS . . . *Since the drive against black-market and wartime tax evaders, $170,000,000 has been paid into the Treasury's "conscience fund." Can these delinquents be criminally prosecuted?*

According to Treasury custom, there is no criminal prosecution of the taxpayers who voluntarily remember.

6. WORLD LIBRARY . . . *How is the League of Nations library to be made available to the UN?*

The 318,200 volumes are to be photostated and microfilmed.

7. HONOR STAMP . . . *What 100-year-old institution is being honored by a special three-cent stamp issue?*

The Smithsonian Institution, known as "Uncle Sam's attic," in Washington, D. C.
— Mrs. L. B., Peoria, Ill.

CONDUCTED BY Tom Henry

NOTE: We will pay $2 for a question and answer used in this column. *Proof must accompany the answer.* Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

INSIDE SCOTLAND YARD

Continued from page five

of all blood types. They examined the pockets of their suspect's coat but found only two small blood-stains which were too minute to be tested.

Then one day shortly after, a passenger on a London bus felt something cutting him where it hurt.

It was a razor blade, fitted into a small metal holder, which had been hidden behind the seat. He immediately turned it over to the police, who discovered some faint traces of blood and some rabbit hairs adhering to the blade. More important, the blood was type "AB."

Dr. Lynch was exultant when he learned that Peggy Silverman had been wearing a fur when she was killed. He was less exultant when he discovered it was not a rabbit fur. But he wasn't stumped. He took another guess.

"Was the suspect wearing a pair of fur-lined gloves when you caught him?" he asked the police.

The answer was that he had been wearing gloves lined with rabbit fur.

A second examination of the suspect's pockets revealed some rabbit hairs.

"You cut your sweetheart's throat, put the razor blade in your pocket, then caught a Number 11 bus and hid the blade behind the seat, didn't you?" the police asked their man.

The criminal, overwhelmed by the apparent omniscience of the Yard, confessed.

Within London's 700 square miles, 20 to 40 murders are committed each year. Scotland Yard tracks down all but one or two of these killers. Part of the explanation for this successful handling of homicide investigation is that London has a comparatively stable population and that it lies on an island. The only way to escape is through Britain's watchful port controls.

Currently, there are four murderers known to be at large in England.

Yet each of these killers must know that, no matter how frantically he moves around the little island, the quiet men from the Yard are plodding patiently toward him. *The End*

Flatten that BULGE

Wear a P.N. Practical Front corset. Its famous inner vest remoulds your figure comfortably. New fabrics!

Write for name of store near you. I. Newman & Sons, Inc., 200 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16.

P.N. Practical Front

THE BEST CORSET FOR THE FULL FIGURE

Get Greater Relief from CORNS!

Blue-Jay with Nupercaine

You can forget painful corns when you use Blue-Jay! Gives wonderful relief 3 ways!

1 ANESTHETIC Nupercaine, exclusive with Blue-Jay, curbs surface pain!

2 INSTANTLY stops shoe-pressure pain, thanks to soft Dura-felt pad!

3 GENTLE medication loosens hard "core," you just *lift* it out in a few days!

ONLY Blue-Jay Has Nupercaine

And Blue-Jay is streamlined, flesh-colored, non-slip! Two sizes: *Standard and Little Toe* (also special Blue-Jay Soft Corn Pads). Get foot happiness today with . . .

BLUE JAY Corn Plasters

"America's Largest Selling Corn Plaster"

A product of BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company • Chicago 16

KID DIVER

GET SET! The high board doesn't scare this tot

GO! Duncan has perfect timing and co-ordination

At age three, Duncan is a water champ — and a movie star besides . .

AT AN age when most kids are content with high chairs, three-year-old Duncan Richardson prefers a high diving board. His aquatic prowess has already taken him from his native Louisville, Ky., to Hollywood to star in M-G-M's forthcoming "Sea of Grass" with Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn.

But for Esther Williams, Duncan might never have been "discovered." Swimming at a Hollywood pool, Esther looked up and saw the tot perched on the high board. While she screamed for someone to rescue him, redoubtable Duncan executed a neat swan dive. Esther took him straight to M-G-M.

Duncan gets his water talent from his father, a Navy lieutenant and a survivor of the *Franklin*.

PHOTOS BY FOX

FINIS. He swam the length of the pool underwater

INSIDE STORY of Kem-Tone Room Magic!

TRADE MARK Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

MIRACLE WALL FINISH

THE MAGIC . . .

You can paint an average room quickly, beautifully with one gallon of Kem-Tone at only $2.98!

THE METHOD . . .

It's simplicity itself! Just apply big, generous brushfuls of this amazing synthetic resin and oil paint over walls and ceilings. Kem-Tone does the rest, smoothly, easily, it covers most interior surfaces (even wallpaper!) usually with one coat. It dries in an hour without "painty" odor . . . dries to a perfectly flat matte finish. Beauty? You just can't beat Kem-Tone for sheer loveliness! Its rich, glorious colors add grace and charm to any home. Only $2.98 a gallon, yet there's no finer wall finish at any price.

$2.98* PER GAL.
PASTE FORM
Makes 1½ gallons paint ready-to-apply.
*Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. area.

KEM-TONE ROLLER-KOATER	89¢
NEW KEM-TONE 4" BRUSH	$2.39 each
KEM-TONE TRIMS	20¢ up
PLASTIC PATCH	23¢ lb.

There is only one Kem-Tone . . . Accept No Substitute!

THERE'S A KEM-TONE DEALER NEAR YOU!

A PRODUCT OF SHERWIN-WILLIAMS RESEARCH

ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS Detroit
W. W. LAWRENCE & CO., Pittsburgh
THE LOWE BROTHERS CO., Dayton
JOHN LUCAS & CO., INC., Philadelphia
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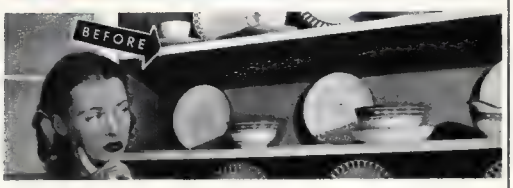

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LIFE WITH A CAPITAL "L"

Continued from page seven

know them personally, and they obviously didn't give a hoot for you . . . it eventually palled. What would any one of these people have done for her if she were taken ill in the middle of the night? A white-lipped Jerry had driven her to the hospital in his car.

Sometimes Willie Brent bought a deck of cards and, after dinner, they, in imitation of the other "sophisticates," played gin rummy at their table in The Cub Room. Or Willie would hand her a play to read. "I want your opinion, Bear in mind, I won't put up a cent, unless it's got social significance."

OF COURSE Mary never admitted she was bored. Why this was Big City Life, the kind with a capital L. She must be a terrible hick if she didn't enjoy it. . . And Willie said beautiful things, though with the ardor of a frozen salmon.

She suggested they eat in the other room—"where there's dancing." He refused. "Because it's for hicks."

She became indignant. "That's not true! Irving Berlin and his daughter just went in."

Mary suspected Willie was a poor dancer — perhaps his secret reason for not dining in the room with the tantalizing music. She could hear enough to start her feet tapping. Boy, the way the two of them, *Jerry* and she, could have rumba'd to that orchestra!

She had a feeling that Willie Brent would soon ask her to marry him. He said he was forty-five, ought to settle down. He talked of choosing a wife as he might pick a horse. Still . . . what other future did she have?

BESIDES, she was in debt. Going with a millionaire cost money. She daren't continue borrowing her roommates' clothes. She'd bought a silver fox jacket of her own. "On time," they'd have called it back home. In New York you said, "Charge it."

Mary had opened accounts at the best stores. This on the advice of those know-their-way-around experts, Idaho and Trolley. "Pay 'em a little something each month, so they guess that your intentions are good."

Thus her earnings went, divided up, nothing entirely paid for. And always more to buy. You couldn't wear the same thing *every* night in The Stork Club, now could you?

So she was thinking as she sat there eating her favorite dessert, chocolate cake rolled around a layer of vanilla ice cream and drowned in a custard brandy sauce.

Proprietor Sherman Billingsley came over to the table. She knew him by now. His waiters frequently left her a lipstick or perfume with his card.

He always said the same earnest, courteous, "Hello, how are you?" Occasionally, like tonight, he sat down for a minute. Willie Brent was a good customer.

Willie pointed disparagingly to the cover charge postcard. "Does anybody ever write on those? Why do you have them, Sherm?"

Mary sensed that Billingsley inwardly winced at the nickname. "Sure they write on them, but my private gag is to keep them."

"Keep them!" She dropped her spoon.

"Yes, for three years. The idea fascinates me. Can't you picture some fellow getting a card three years after it was written, maybe from a girl he's since married and divorced?" Billingsley laughed.

Mary gasped. Hurriedly excusing herself, she snatched the card and dashed upstairs.

AGAIN she borrowed a fountain pen. Again she wrote to Jerry. This time she said, "Let's put this in Sammy's Joynt together." And this time she signed her name. Then she placed the card gently in her bag. She was taking no chances.

Willie was furious. "Why did you run off like that! What will Billingsley think?"

"That I'm a hick," she retorted. "And I am! And so's he! Didn't you read somewhere that he comes from a small town in Oklahoma? Don't you know . . . everybody's a hick . . . you hick!" She flounced out, leaving Willie Brent sitting with his mouth wide open.

She walked briskly east on Fifty-third. Life with a little *l* didn't look so bad, not if the life were spent in Southwalk. Bad? It would be heavenly! Tomorrow she'd board a train; she'd work for her father until all debts were paid . . . then . . .

Suddenly she stopped short. What would happen when, three years from now, Jerry received that first card? Her imagination leaped ahead. "It looks like your handwriting," he'd say, "but it isn't signed."

"Funny," she'd say. "You know we haven't been to the Stork since our honeymoon."

"Guess it's some kind of ad," he'd say. "New Yorkers — they'll do anything."

"Well, I know what *we* can do. Junior loves to tear up postcards." So she'd hand the card to the baby in the playpen. *The End*

"No, you can't marry her — I'm too young to be a grandfather!"

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Rambler

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EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away it starts to cleanse and soothe. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine's seven scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

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FOR YOUR EYES

Cranberry Time!

BY CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

Decorate a meal with Russian Cranberry Mold

It's a boom year for the bright red berry. Try these new dishes

CRANBERRIES flash into town. More cranberries are coming to market than any other year since the war. The crop is estimated above normal, some 70,000,000 pounds, and all of it to be processed for the home tables.

Less than half the crop will sell fresh, 50 per cent will be canned and there will be limited packs available of cranberry juice cocktail, orange-cranberry marmalade and two new products, apricot-cranberry mix and a strawberry-cranberry preserve.

Cranberry is truly a native fruit, served at holiday time since Pilgrim mothers stewed its tart goodness into sauce — for the first Thanksgiving. But don't credit the Pilgrims for discovering the cranberry. It was the Indian who first recognized it for its health values and used it for medicine as well as a zester for dull winter meals.

Rich In Minerals

WISE was the Redskin. Modern researchers call the cranberry a regular vitamin pill. Rich it is in vitamin C; it contains some of vitamin A and the important B complex. Its minerals count 11, notably iodine, iron, copper calcium, phosphorous, manganese.

Sauciest of the berries is this scarlet sister of the bog and most demanding of sugar. But there are sweeteners other than sugar to soften its natural sharpness, yet leave the berry its true color, flavor and texture. To wit: marmalade, gelatins, corn syrup, honey, jam and dried fruits.

Sugarless Cranberry Sauce

1 cup corn syrup
1 cup orange marmalade
1 cup water
4 cups fresh cranberries

Combine corn syrup, marmalade and water in saucepan; bring to boil. Add cranberries. Cook 10 minutes without stirring or until cranberry skins pop open. Remove from heat; cool in saucepan. Let stand several hours before serving. Yield: 4½ cups.

Saucy tips — Use this homemade no-sugar sauce, or use the canned as you like, to accompany stews, casseroles and humble pot roasts. Add a heaping tablespoon of chopped mint to each two cups of sauce and serve with roast lamb. Add grated lemon or orange peel and pass with the duck. Dip the bright sauce into the golden folds of an omelet.

Russian Cranberry Mold

4 cups fresh cranberries
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
2 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons cold water
Pinch of salt

Combine cranberries, sugar and water in saucepan; cook until berries are soft. Put through fine sieve; return to saucepan and stir in cornstarch, mixed to a paste with cold water and salt. Cook for two to three minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into custard cups; cool, then chill in refrigerator until thick enough to hold shape. Serve with thin or heavy sweet cream. Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

Cranberry Fruit Chutney

½ cup fruit preserve
½ cup sugar
1½ cups water
½ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon curry powder
1 3-inch stick cinnamon
5 whole cloves
½ lime
1 firm pear, peeled and cored
1 green apple, peeled and cored
3 cups fresh cranberries
¼ cup raisins
¼ cup almonds, blanched, skinned and shredded

Combine sweetening, liquid and spices in saucepan, bring to boil. Cut lime into wafer-thin slices; dice prepared fruit. Combine with first mixture and cook until fruit begins to look transparent. Add cranberries and raisins; continue cooking over low heat until cranberries pop open and raisins are plump — about 10 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in almonds. Seal at once in hot sterilized jars. Yield: 2 pints.

Lamb Curry on the menu? Let cranberry fruit chutney be the main condiment. Add a big sprinkle of coconut shreds.

It's Friday night, it's fish cakes! Let tradition and catsup go by the board. Pep up the feast with cranberry fruit chutney.

Serve a piping-hot molded rice ring filled with creamed eggs and accompanied by a crisp salad. A big bowl of the cranberry chutney completes the ensemble.

DAYTIME—B AND C CUPS

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IT'S *SO DELICIOUS* . . . that's the secret of Allsweet's huge popularity . . . the reason why millions always ask for it *first*. You see, there's nothing artificial about this flavor . . . it's delicate and *natural*. For Allsweet is a product of America's own farms, made from clear rich food oils expertly blended with cultured pasteurized skim milk. Honestly, you've a big surprise a-coming if you've not yet tried delicious Allsweet.

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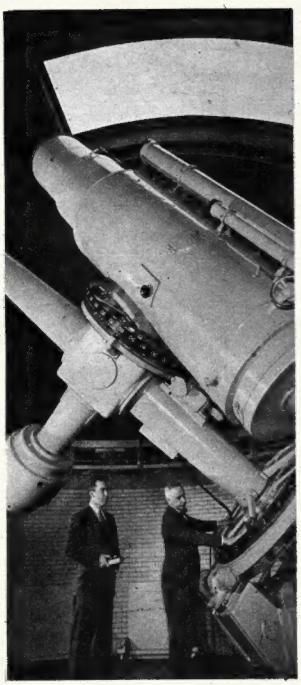
Allsweet . . . THE "GUEST-QUALITY" MARGARINE

If The World Explodes . . .

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

It won't make a ripple in the universe, says Dr. Nassau, an astronomer who operates one of science's greatest telescopes . .



DR. NASSAU (right) gets his big baby set for a look at the stars

If the entire earth were one big atomic bomb and some stumblebum were stupid enough to set it off — would it destroy the entire universe? Would it pulverize the stars, blast open the heavens and leave nothing but a morose radioactive mushroom in place of all creation?

Not at all.

Dr. Jason John Nassau, Professor of Astronomy at the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland, took a long draw on his pipe. He puffed out a shimmery gob of smoke, pointed to the puff and said: "It wouldn't even mean that to the rest of the universe!

"Even on a planet in one of our nearest neighbor galaxies — Andromeda — only a little twinkle would be visible, perhaps a tiny wisp of smoke — and that would be seven hundred thousand years late. It would take that long for the flicker to reach Andromeda."

Newest Wrinkle

In his observatory high on Cleveland's shoulders, Dr. Nassau has been investigating the universe through the largest Schmidt-type telescope in the world, a 36-incher. Without going into the technical details, it's the newest wrinkle in telescopic cameras, gives a field of vision 60 times larger than the conventional type.

Dr. Nassau is studying the galaxy of stars in which the earth is located. Our sun is one of these stars and there are 100 billion other suns kicking around up there. Oh yes, our galaxy is a big place.

Take a pinhead, says Dr. Nassau, and suppose that the sun is the center of it and the circumference of the pinhead is the path our earth makes around the sun. **Then if you want to stick pins around showing all the 100 billion other suns you'd need a pincushion the size of the U. S.**

Big? Not at all. That's just *one* galaxy. There are millions of other galaxies out there in space. Our own sun, as we know, is surrounded by nine planets of which the earth is one. Whether all the other 100 billion suns in our galaxy, and the trillions of other suns in other galaxies, all have planets whirling around them is still not known. But if they all have a handful of planets, mere flecks of dust as the universe goes, then you can figure with about 10 feet of zeros just how many, many worlds there really are.

Life on this earth, says Dr. Nassau, depends upon the reservoir of energy on our sun. As long as that energy holds out, we're in business. The sun generates this energy by constantly converting hydrogen into helium, a process of atomic transformation similar to changing uranium into other elements in the atomic bomb.

Four million tons of hydrogen are converted into helium each second in the big yellow ball of the sun. "It's as if four million tons of atomic bombs were going off every second," Dr. Nassau explained.

How long can Old Sol keep using up four million tons per second? Well, 35 per cent of the sun's mass is hydrogen. That's enough for 100 billion years. After that the sun will begin to cool off.

Don't worry. You aren't going to live that long, and, as far as your progeny are concerned, they'll probably take a space ship to Andromeda when it begins to get chilly down here.

Still in Knee Pants

Dr. Nassau says the universe is still in knee pants. He figures that our sun whirls around the center of our galaxy at the rate of 180 miles per second, carrying the earth and the other planets with it. At this rate it takes 250 million years to make a complete circuit. Being roughly three billion years old, the sun has made only 12 circuits, hence is 12 cosmic years old.

So there you are. The sun — not even old enough to shave. The earth — so small you could lose it in a speck of dust upon a flea upon the back of a cosmic elephant.

"Whenever we get to thinking we're too big on this world, it's a good idea to see how small we really are," Dr. Nassau commented.

It is a good feeling, the feeling of being infinitesimally small. So, we blow ourselves up and what happens? It's just a flicker to the astronomers in Andromeda and 700,000 years late at that. Maybe we'd better chuck the melodrama and go back to something fundamental, like loving our neighbors for instance.

How The Other Half Lives

LADIES, do you believe all the guff your husband hands you about "a hard day at the office"? Of course you don't!

In the pictures below, Artist Mary Gibson reveals a housewife's conception of how hubby spends his day while she's slaving over a hot stove . . . the dirty dog!

9.00 A.M. Hubby arrives at the office to start a back-breaking day's work

10.30 A.M. He is all tied up in an important conference—very harrowing

12.30 P.M. He's roped into a boring lunch with a couple of stuffy customers

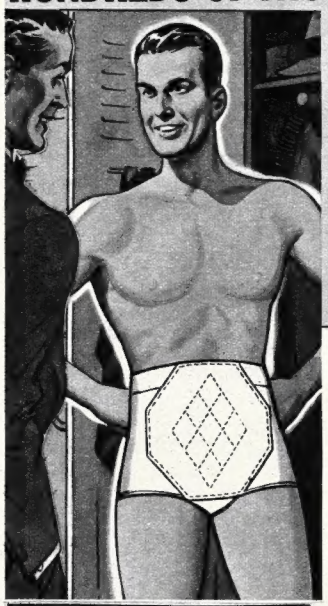
2.00 P.M. He has to race way across town to sit in on a vital business deal

4.00 P.M. He rushes back to the office to dictate a big stack of letters

BUT... somehow he comes home tired. Suppose he's really been *working?*

NEXT WEEK: *The other side of the story — how a husband thinks his wife spends the day*

HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of MEN...



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Order this new belt today and begin enjoying the pleasure of feeling "in shape" at once.

BREATHE EASIER — TAKE WEIGHT OFF TIRED FEET

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The COMMANDER braces your figure . . . you look and feel slimmer . . . your clothes fit you better. Your friends will notice the improvement immediately.

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The absence of gouging steel ribs, dangling buckles and bothersome laces will prove a joy. COMMANDER has a real man's jock type pouch. IT GIVES GENUINE MALE PROTECTION. Try this amazing new belt with full confidence . . . and at our risk. SEND FOR IT NOW!

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Only COMMANDER contains this New principle. A porous non-stretch material is built into the special stretchy body of the COMMANDER. In the outline of two interlocking hands for EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPORT where you need it most. NO BUCKLES, LACES or STRAPS.

COMMANDER WEARERS ALL OVER AMERICA SAY—

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"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had. I have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."

Dr. A. M. S., Standish, Mich.

* * *

"Enclose find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."

Dr. G. S., St. Charles, Ill.

* * *

"Received the Commander about a week ago. To say that I am pleased with it would be putting it mildly—I can see that it fills a long-felt want, giving the needed support and a most comfortable feeling. I never miss putting it on the first thing in the morning. Enclosed is my check for another."

J. C. McG., St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we received regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

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